

Ruck

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 7, 1914
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T. H. HART CHRISTY

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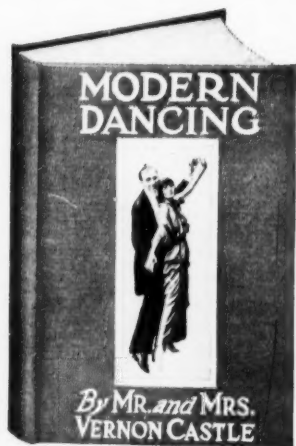
BY special arrangement with the leading publishing houses, PUCK is enabled to save its readers considerable money in ordering their magazines for the coming year. If you desire periodicals not listed opposite, make up your list and send it in to us for an estimate. We will save money for you.

All these offers are indicated by a number. Make a note of the *number* of the offer you desire to accept, write your name and address plainly on a slip of paper, and make remittance by check or money-order. In the case of Offers Nos. 1 and 2, currency in the shape of single bills may be sent without risk.

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Like all new things, we must offer some inducement to introduce the *new* PUCK into your household. Once there, you will look upon it as the one indispensable paper on your list. Remember, PUCK is a weekly—52 issues a year.

No. 8 SPECIAL OFFER TO DANCERS



This is the official book of the modern dance craze. It is written by the couple who have instructed New York's "400" in the modern dance steps at \$25 a lesson. It is a beautifully printed book of nearly 200 pages, bound in blue ribbed cloth with art inlay, and illustrated throughout with moving picture films of every important step, posed by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. This book sells regularly at book-stores for \$1.25 a copy. We have obtained a limited edition for free distribution among new PUCK readers.

Until this edition is exhausted, we will present a copy absolutely without charge to every person sending us \$2.50 for a six months' subscription to PUCK. This is one of the most liberal publisher's offers made this year, and if you desire to try PUCK alone, there is not a better way of doing it than by means of this offer.

No. 1 OUR SPECIAL DOLLAR OFFER

In order to introduce you to PUCK, we will enter your name as a trial subscriber for the next three months (13 numbers) for a Dollar Bill. Simply pin a Dollar Bill to a slip of paper bearing your name and address, and mark it "No. 1."

No. 2 OUR \$2.00 OFFER

<i>Puck</i> , 3 months (13 numbers)	\$1.30	} OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$2.00
<i>North American Review</i> (5 mos.)	1.75	
	\$3.05	

For 100 years the *North American Review* has been the leading serious monthly of America. Here is a chance to take it on trial at a low price. Each number usually sells for 35 cents.

No. 3 OUR \$3.25 OFFER

<i>Puck</i> (6 months)	\$2.50	} OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$3.25
<i>Harper's Weekly</i> (6 months)	2.50	
	\$5.00	

Under the editorship of Mr. Norman Hapgood, *Harper's Weekly* has become one of the country's most interesting weeklies. Its war service at this time is especially notable; and, in combination with PUCK, *Harper's* will be found of exceptional worth.

No. 4 OUR \$4.00 OFFER

<i>Puck</i> (1 year)	\$5.00	} OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$4.00
<i>Metropolitan</i> (1 year)	1.50	
	\$6.50	

The *Metropolitan*, by reason of its new-process illustrations and brilliant features, is one of the most popular monthlies of the day. It is a big magazine in size, big in ideals, and in conjunction with PUCK at this low price makes a popular club for family reading.

No. 5 OUR \$4.25 OFFER

<i>Puck</i> (6 months)	\$2.50	} OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$4.25
<i>Harper's Weekly</i> (6 months)	2.50	
<i>North American Review</i> (5 mos.)	1.75	
	\$6.75	

A trio of the leading magazines of the day, offered at an extremely advantageous price, and covering the most desirable avenues of periodical reading.

No. 6 OUR \$4.75 OFFER

<i>Puck</i> (1 year)	\$5.00	} OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$4.75
<i>Collier's Weekly</i> (1 year)	2.50	
	\$7.50	

One of the best "buys" offered this year. With its unsurpassed service for war pictures, *Collier's* will prove one of the really big sellers this season, and in combination with PUCK, at \$4.75, offers a value hard to beat.

No. 7 OUR \$5.75 OFFER

<i>Puck</i> (1 year)	\$5.00	} OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$5.75
<i>Review of Reviews</i> (1 year)	3.00	
	\$8.00	

A popular low-priced club with the leading monthly periodical of its class. This is a particularly attractive value for the average household.

Address All Communications:

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION 301 Lafayette Street
NEW YORK CITY

Between Now and Christmas —

WE have planned half a dozen issues in which the betterments laid down for PUCK'S renaissance will find more emphatic expression than at any other period in the past ten months. Some of the features in this program mark tremendous advances in the scope of the humorous weekly.

Hy Mayer

America's foremost caricaturist continues the notable series of cartoons which have contributed to place PUCK in the forefront of contemporary weeklies.

R. L. Goldberg

Inimitable, irrepressible, a master of the comic cartoon, with a following of many thousand readers who watch his work daily. Goldberg is represented in next week's PUCK with a double-page in color, as only he can lay on color. Get it!

Keble Howard

One of the most popular English writers of the day. His contribution to next week's PUCK recounts the experiences of two "Johnnies" who start for the scene of battle. It is typically, laughably English, and a rattling good picture of London in war time.

Richard Barry

Satirist, keen dissector of the climber's innermost cravings, Barry is going to take us behind drawing-room draperies and let us peep in upon Gotham's mad scramble for social recognition.

James Huneker

The new plays, new books, new pictures, new operas, weighed critically, judged impartially and labeled plainly, yet entertainingly, for your information when that question springs into your mind, "What shall I do to-night?"

George Jean Nathan

Broadway's small talk put into clever, interesting, side-splitting paragraphs. Mr. Nathan—one of the editors of *Smart Set*—has found in PUCK'S "Puppet Shop," one of his happiest inspirations.

And, Now, Do This —

Pin a dollar bill to your visiting card, mail it to PUCK at 301 Lafayette Street, New York, and receive PUCK for the next three months on trial.



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

Let's All Get Together and Boost

SCARCELY a day passes now without some genuine reason for thanksgiving on the part of Americans. Clouds are lifting on the horizon of trade and finance. The time, indeed, seems propitious for the "Booster's Issue" of PUCK, which reaches the news-stands on November 17. This number of PUCK will be truly a Thanksgiving Special. If there is any psychological advantage in telling one's story to a reader when he is in a good humor, it ought to prove an exceptionally valuable issue for the advertiser, because PUCK has been at some pains to corral for this "Booster's Issue" a wealth of gloom-dispelling wit and satire, by which it seeks to wreath once more in smiles the features of the work-a-day world.

PUCK is in Receipt of a Few Boosts

PUCK is suffused with blushes. Some of the comments passed on the past few issues have put the little elf's modesty to a severe strain. A reader in Texas addresses his envelope to

"The leading comic magazine of the world."

From L. I. F., we learn that "the reading of the daily newspaper on Tuesday is not half so important as the perusal of your charming paper." And N. R. L. M. confesses: "I can't withhold it from you any longer, PUCK, you're actually worth more than you're charging." "Aside from my photograph," writes F. W. R., "which I would like to sell you for the front page, Held's woodcuts are the funniest things I have seen in a long time. My mother taught me to read from your magazine, which shows that I was one of your earliest readers."



AUSTIN, TEX.
OCT 8-16
CAPITOL STATION

Puck Publishing Co.
295-309 Lafayette St
New York, N.Y.

"An Honest Confession"

WHEN PUCK started out last spring to put its new house in order, one of our severest critics was a young gentleman who went to some pains to point out our shortcomings. Here is his second letter, which has just been received:

"Dear PUCK:

"I am the little boy who wrote to you in March telling you how poor PUCK was. We have been taking PUCK for twenty-four years. I don't want my money back now. I look forward to the day it comes. It is improving so much week by week that I had to write to you. Yours sincerely, B. S."

To those old friends who took umbrage at PUCK's new antics we counselled patience. Most of them have confessed their conversion.

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IN PICTURE	IN TEXT
Cover Design—Some-body Home F. Earl Christy	The Puppet Shop - George Jean Nathan Illustrated by Ralph Barton
Cartoons - Will Crawford, Nelson Greene, and K. R. Chamberlain	News in Rime - Dana Burnet
Love at First Sound - R. Van Buren	Belated Apologies - S. W. Gillilan
The Painful Truth - W. E. Hill	The Faint Heart of Mr. Dorsey (Prize Story) Illustrated by W. E. Hill
The Wasp - W. H. Barribal	G. W. Bunn
Wall Street and the Nouveau Poor - Hy Mayer	The Talented Few - Freeman Tilden
A Hopeless Novice - Hy Mayer	Puck's Golf Idiot - P. A. Vaile
On Second Thought - Ray Rohn	The Thorn - Tapestry Illustrated by F. W. Rood
G. K. Chesterton - M. De Zayas	The Seven Arts - James Huneker Illustrated by C. B. Fallis
This Way Out - Gordon Grant	The Man Without a Wednesday - T. R. Yharra
Unnatural History - J. Held	
Art in Our Town - K. R. Chamberlain	

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GRINIGRAMS

There is no accounting for tastes. Charles M. Schwab has gone to Europe for a rest.

Congress exempts rum and gasoline from the schedules of the war tax. This should make Congress very solid with the "joy-ride" vote.

Roosevelt's nephew, an assistant professor at Harvard, has resigned to go to Europe. He wishes "to be near the war." *The News from New England.*

Near? Merely near the war? Mollycoddle! Weakling!

If the forty million dollars a day which the war is costing the governments of the world were to be spent to make men happier, instead of to kill them, PUCK wonders which it would be called: "sickly sentimentality" or "dangerous socialism."

That arbiter of fashion which presides over the male map has decreed that mustaches may come in again. Hence, they are coming out.

It cannot be impressed too strongly upon Sunday joy-riders that unless they come to grief in a particularly spectacular fashion, they cannot hope to get their obituaries on the first page of Monday's paper while the war lasts. What motorist wants to hit a telegraph pole or plunge over a cliff at the bottom of, say, page nine?

The erstwhile American Refugees have organized themselves into a society. This of itself is harmless. But the awful thought occurs to us that Sons and Daughters of American Refugees are future probabilities.

Children of suffragists will not receive toys of a military nature this Christmas. *Peace Item.*

Boxes of blocks should also be denied them. Blocks may be grouped in the form of a cathedral and barbarously battered with a rubber ball.

They talk of the wisdom of Solomon, but we'll wager a year's subscription that some time in his erudite life Solomon fell for the "rare book" game. All the wise ones fall for it, seemingly.

"All men have something good in them."—*Prof. Taft.*
Despite the Prohibitionists.

You cannot always tell. The patriot who is quickest to rise when the band plays "Star Spangled Banner" is often the slowest to get up when the government asks for his income tax.



DOGS OF WAR, AMERICAN STYLE

(European rulers please copy)

Intimating that Colonel T. R. is not always right, a clergyman suggests that "we rebuke him in a Christian spirit." The only trouble with rebuking T. R. in a Christian spirit is that he is apt to "come back" like Christian warfare.

"This fall more and more colleges are swinging into line with the plan to number the players on their football teams so that the spectators may be able to find out the identity of anyone at any time."—*Collier's Weekly.*

Why stop here? Why not number the legs, arms, etc., of players, so that after a game they may be neatly and accurately re-assembled? Consider the trainers, please, as well as the spectators.

Says Dr. J. N. Hurty, whose specialty is public health: "We need more legislation to help babies, and less to help hogs." What can you expect, Doc., when there are so many hogs in the average legislature?

A department of the New York City government required a business executive at a \$5,000 salary and—hold fast!—it put a want ad. in the papers. Let this sink in. There was a \$5,000 political job vacant, and the city advertised for a man to fill it. That whirring sound you hear is the late Bill Tweed turning in his grave.

"A penny saved here, a nickel there and put away in a cup will soon amount to a dollar."—*George W. Perkins.*
George knows. That's the way he got his money.

Coaches report the West Point football team to be "far from satisfactory." They are quite downcast about it. Which makes one sigh and say: "Ah, what a general Grant might have been had he had the benefit of Charley Daly's coaching!"

Paris has announced for the winter the Joffre hat and the Cossack cloak. If the relations of the allies are to remain harmonious, something in the clothes line had better be named after England, Serbia and Japan.



INTERNATIONAL WEBER-AND-FIELDS

THE KAISER: Mike, how I love you! Und nobody regrets this more than I do!



"What
Fools
These
Mortals
Be!"

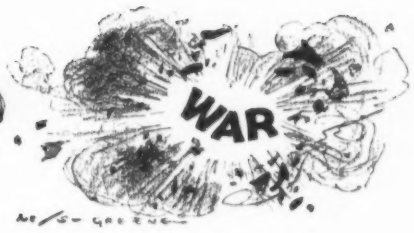
VOL. LXXVI. No. 1966. WEEK ENDING NOV. 7, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America—and the newest

STAND-UP PATRIOTISM

Prompted by the desire to be fair, and despite his unqualified belief in the cause of Woman Suffrage, PUCK gives ear to the Anti-Suffragist whenever and wherever she (or he) happens to speak. Some day, in this way, we may run across a really strong argument against giving the vote to women. While the search thus far has been barren of result, the other evening, in a New York newspaper, there appeared an item so naive, so smugly complacent in its inference, that for a moment we thought that patience had been rewarded and the answer found. Woman was lacking in patriotism!

If she be lacking in patriotism, if love of country plays no part in the scheme of her life,



then said we reluctantly woman *is* undeserving of the vote; as undeserving of it as some men. The newspaper item in question demonstrated that woman *was* shy when it came to patriotism; she had been tried and found wanting; tried in public and proven inferior to man.

And what had she done that stamped her as unworthy? Listen:

Since the opening of "Dancing Around" at the Winter Garden, the audiences have become more patriotic, this being seen during the big ensemble number, "The Call of the Colors."

Toward the end of the scene, eight girls, draped in American flags, emerge and the orchestra plays a strain of "The Star Spangled Banner." On Monday evening, as soon as the familiar song was heard, every member of the audience arose and sang. The same thing has happened every evening since then. At the matinee, however, the women appear less patriotic.

There you have it. In the evenings the audience arose and sang (the women, doubtless, because their male escorts urged them), but at the matinee, when the men were not present, "the women appeared less patriotic." They looked and listened unmoved and unmoving. They did not love their country. They sat still.

What are Mrs. Catt, Dr. Shaw and Mrs. Blatch and the rest of the suffrage leaders going to do about this? We are still kindly disposed toward their cause but frankly admit that we shall breathe much easier when some suffragist who is authorized to speak counteracts the effect of this indictment. Perhaps the Suffragists can show convincingly that patriotism has deeper tests than chorus girls and theatre orchestras. Perhaps they will be able to demonstrate, by example and by other means, that one may keep one's seat in 4-D orchestra or A-7 first balcony and still be a patriot, still be capable of useful and unselfish service to one's country. Perhaps they may be able to prove that hysteria and cheap sentimentalism are not the standards by which patriotism is judged.

It is barely possible—we have hopes—that someone will further suggest that women have less of the jingo spirit in them than the male brand of patriot; that they shout less and frequently do more; that "in times which try men's souls," women's souls also are tried; and that in ways quite unrelated to pink tights and footlights, they stand up.



THE WEAKER SEX?

"Woman's place is in the home."—Anti-Suffragists

Buck

The PUPPET SHOP

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Why Plays Fail

8.15—"Melissa Charteris? Why, she's the most attractive girl I ever saw!"

8.18—"Wait till you see Melissa! She's a dream!"

8.21—"I've seen many stunning beauties in my day—at Coronado, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, the world over—but Melissa is the handsomest creature I have ever laid eyes on!"

8.24—"Melissa? Adorable! Simply adorable!"

8.27—"When one beholds Melissa one beholds the rarest piece of youthful human sculpture God has yet vouchsafed this earth!"

8.30—"Melissa somehow reminds me of roses in the early morning sunshine, of pink carnations kissed by the moist twilight of some far-off forest country!"

No style, no art

8.33—"What! You have never met Melissa Charteris? What a great deal you have coming to you! I envy you, my boy! To meet Miss Charteris for the first time is a thrill in itself, a thrill the like of which one experiences but too seldom in this ugly humdrum world of ours!"

8.36—"Have you ever sat in solitude in that little garden at Fontainebleau under the French stars and dreamed a dream of beautiful women that never were? Well, Melissa Charteris *lives*—and *she* is that dream!"

8.39—"Why doesn't Melissa come? What can be detaining her? Fascinating, provoking creature!"

8.42—"Ah, there's Melissa's motor now! Adorable, perplexing, gorgeous Melissa!"

8.45—"I hear her even now coming up the stairs—isn't her very tread like that of some ravishing fairy princess? She'll be here in a moment—wonderful, glorious Melissa!"

8.46—Enter a Primeval Battleaxe *aetate* 52.

This is what is known as the "star system." It is also known in certain critical quarters as a "vindication of histrionic art over the filling of roles with mere 'types.'" Why will not folk realize that, in four roles of the current drama out of five, an actor's so-called "art" is as nothing if he lacks one of his front teeth or reveals a protuberant bunion underneath one of his shoes? Imagine Mrs. Pat Campbell with a hare-lip, Ethel Barrymore with a squint eye, or Sarah

Bernhardt with warts! Acting an art? (Laughter.) Where can there be an art where a mere temporary attack of hay fever is sufficient to undo it, annihilate it? The world's greatest painter may have two cork legs, the world's greatest musician a ten-inch parabolic nose and hairy ears, the world's greatest dramatist cross-eyes, a bald spot, and no lower lip, and the world's most adept mixer of drinks catarrh and the fits—and it wouldn't affect the magnitude of their art or the existence of their art in the least.

But imagine Billie Burke in last year's dress!

The Truth—the Whole Truth—and Nothing but the Hole

The American theatre and the American drama depend wholly and entirely upon the following being accepted as inviolable truths. Let these be not sacredly so accepted and the American theatre and the American drama will pass from the earth forevermore:

1. That all persons placed on trial before the law, particularly persons accused of murder, are guiltless; that juries are intelligent; and that all prosecuting attorneys are villains.
2. That all governesses are "ruined" either by the master of the house or his son.
3. That the accumulation of great wealth inevitably brings with it unhappiness.
4. That any woman who dances the tango in the afternoon is a candidate for Hell.
5. That society people are bored.
6. That an actor is a good actor in proportion to his experience on the stage—and that, accordingly, the older the actor the better actor he is.
7. The melodrama occurs only in the night.
8. That all French drama is "no good for America because of the essentially different points of view of the two peoples."

and

9. That only comic characters drink beer.

Celebrated French Theatrical Maxims Americanized

I

"Symbolism is an attempt to give of reality an explanation which surpasses the facts."—*Rene Dounic.*

Symbolism is an attempt to give of reality an explanation which surpasses the audience.



All French drama is "no good for America because of the essentially different points of view of the two peoples"

II

"There is no art where there is no style."—*C. Coquelin.*

There is no art where there are no Lucile styles.

III

"Our stage is a tribune, our stage is a pulpit."—*Victor Hugo.*

Our stage is a Tribune, our stage is a Journal.

IV

"We have invented the political drama which consists in replacing action with dissertation."—*Jules Janin.*

We have invented the political drama which consists in replacing action with George Fawcett.

V

"A playwright must write many bad plays before he can make a good one."—*Arsene Houssaye.*

A playwright must write many bad plays before he can make a good bank-account.

VI

"Our society of dramatic authors should never meet without bowing to the bust of Beaumarchais."—*Sainte-Beuve.*

Our Society of Dramatic Authors never meets without bowing to the trust of Klaw and Erlanger.



The Star System



Scheherazade captivates Paris

Some Casual Comment

In a recent issue of *Vanity Fair* there appeared a semi-nude photograph by Hoppe of Mlle. Karsavina as "Scheherazade" in the Russian ballet. Underneath the photograph, these words: "She has captivated London and Paris with her acting and dancing." A glance at the photograph is sufficient to captivate *anybody* with the lady's acting and dancing. The latter are long and slender and not the least bit knock-kneed.

Across the facade of the Shuberts' Winter Garden at present is a large electric sign with

the quotation: "Out-Shows Any Show In N. Y. Times." The adjuster of the incandescent bulbs who omitted the dash after the "N. Y.," and before the "Times" evidently must have been a reader of some other daily gazette. Otherwise, he would have realized that not even a Winter Garden show can out-show the *New York Times's* editorials.

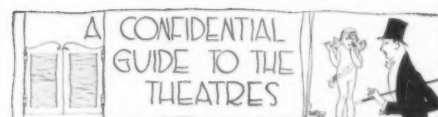
In engaging the English actor, Norman Trevor, for a role in his production of "The Elder Son," Mr. William A. Brady in the advance prints proudly described the actor's histrionic talents thus: "Mr. Trevor is tall, stalwart and manly, with a fine military bearing." By this standard of judging actors, Mr. Brady would undoubtedly consider the bouncer at Jack's an infinitely more artistic and talented actor than George Arliss.

More "inviolable truths" associated with the American drama:

That our "wives, sisters, and sweethearts" care only for stupid plays.

That Bacon did not write Shakespeare's plays, Shakespeare's plays having been written by Robert Mantell—except, of course, "Hamlet," which was written by Forbes Robertson.

That Damon and Pythias is the name of a lodge which gives an annual parade, and that every actor is carrying on an affair with some woman member of the cast.



Apologies to Metcalfe of "Life."

EMPIRE—Blanche Bates and William Gillette in "Diplomacy." Browne's cafe next door. Pilsener still excellent, Wurzburger fair

LYCEUM—"The Beautiful Adventure," by De Fiers and Caillavet. The Claridge bar one block to the right. Scotch good, Rye fair. Praiseworthy cheese and crackers.

CORT—"Under Cover." Saloon two doors to the left. Beer domestic and tasteless. Commendable Bourbon. Scotch smooth. Olives and pretzels.

CANDLER—"On Trial." Murray's bar twenty steps West. Bronx cocktails fair, Clover Clubs fair, Martinis good, Beer fair. Oyster crackers.

LIBERTY—"He Comes Up Smiling," with Douglas Fairbanks. Murray's bar twenty steps East. See above.

GAIETY—"Daddy Longlegs." Bar next door. Beer so-so. Free Welsh rarebit sandwiches.

CENTURY—Grand opera in English. Not to be recommended to our readers. No good bar within three blocks.



LOVE AT FIRST SOUND



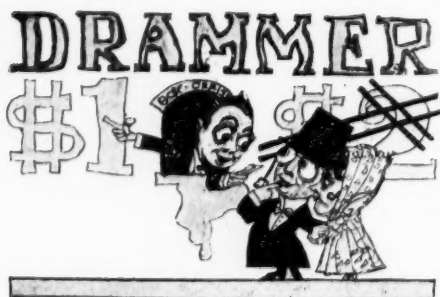
THE NEWS IN RIME

By DANA BURNET

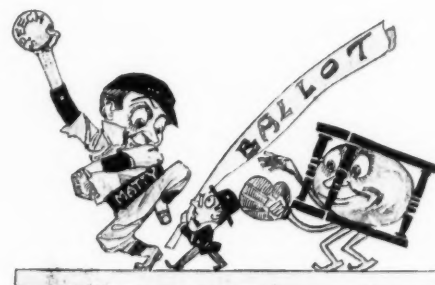
Promoters of the Brooklyn Zoo
Have purchased half a llama;
The burghers of New York enjoyed
A dose of dollar drama.
Marse Henry and the President
Have now interred the hatchet;
Miss Pankhurst came
To try her aim,
And Uncle Sam will catch it!

Sir Hiram Maxim, Knight of Peace,
Has made a brand new bullet;
The Winter Garden fricassee
Is partial to the pullet.
Four German fighting craft were sunk
By H. M. S. "Undaunted";
The War Tax Bill
Is with us still,
And peace is largely wanted.

The popular New Haven road
Came up for dissolution;
The State campaign concluded with
A burst of elocution.
Our military innocence
Is causing consternation;
The styles de jour
Are pale and pure,
And Congress closed its station.



Prof. Munsterberg, of Harvard, Mass.,
Attempted, while resigning,
To give the purple battle cloud
A German silver lining.
The billions paid for bloody war
But make it seem absurder;
The world is so
Advanced, you know,
It couldn't stint on murder!



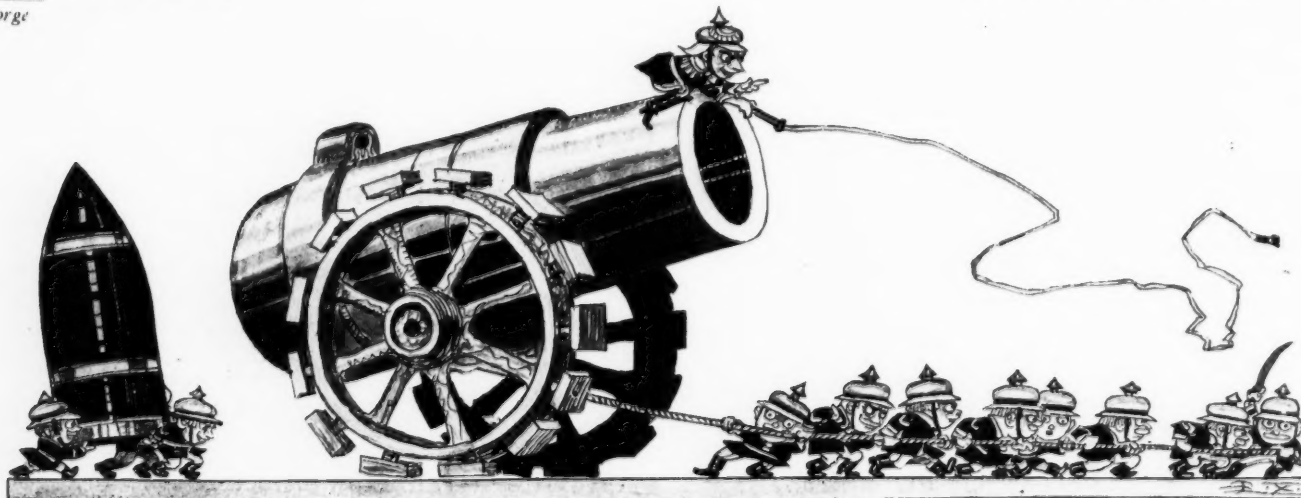
A dash of weather was incurred
By this progressive borough;
German shells still plough their way
Along the Belgian furrow.
My Lord the infant Vanderbilt
Was christened willy-nilly; *
The lid is down
On Gotham town,
And we are like the lily.

* George

Sir Christy Twisty Mathewson,
Who smokes ———* tobacco,
Has entered into politics
And stumps the State per Gracho.
The Kaiser's daily bill-of-fare
Is noodle soup and sausage;
T. R. in quotes
Declaimed for votes,
And isn't this the boss age?

* Adet.

Sir Woodrow said that he had kept
The letter of his pledges;
The college world, these autumn days,
Is split by flying wedges.
Turks have grabbed the German chip
And placed it on their shoulder;
Sir Taft would spank
The legal crank,
And we are fair and colder.



BELATED APOLOGIES

They used to pan Pierp. Morgan
In each proletariat organ
For buying Europe's gems of art
and carrying them home.
But now, with bombs a-dropping
On the places he went shopping,
They're more inclined to lift the hat
from off the servile dome
And say: "You were a pippin,
J. Pierpont, in your shippin'
The beauties of the golden age
of art-things, to our shore.
We're humble and forgiving,
And if you were only living
We'd do our best to sic you on
to go and fetch some more."

SEEING AMERICA

The globe trotter who now starts out to See America LAST must remember that whereas European hotels are usually built on a quiet street with a large grassy court within, in the U. S. A. (business of flag waving and Dixie) there are:

"Desirable front suites" overlooking noisy streets where automobiles befoul the air and street-cars constantly rattle by, although somehow they never seem to pass when we are waiting on the curb to save a taxi fare;

Front rooms periodically illuminated by flashing electric signs;

Inside rooms where the guest is in a chronic state of wonder as to whether he had better carry an umbrella or not;

Rooms on the kitchen side reminiscent of the menus of at least a week, where dishes clatter and chefs swear;

Rooms on fire-escapes where one smothers with the window closed and expects to lose his life or his baggage—perhaps both—with it open;

Rooms over sky-lighted dining-rooms where the orchestra plays at inopportune moments and its leader has no more idea of the arrangement of a program—according to our way of thinking—than the backyard cat;



THE EXPERT

TEACHER: If a batted ball travels 284½ feet in a second, how far will it go in 3½ seconds?
BOY: It depends on the outfielders, ma'am!



THE PAINFUL TRUTH

MRS. PORTLY (weight 225): The cat! I'll pay her for that speech if it takes all winter!
MISS PORTLY: Why, Ma, what did she say?
MRS. PORTLY: She told me she'd heard I passed my vacation largely in the mountains.

Rooms where the suction of a ventilating fan, the chugging of a dynamo, or the dragging noise of an elevator—beg pardon, "lift"—make life hideous;

There are also rooms where—but why mention them? Just tell us where the comfortable ones are and if, after all, there is really any place like home. As the possessor of a live, energetic traveling bug, we sincerely hope not.

FULLY OCCUPIED

"What do you think of the prospects for an early termination of the war in Europe, Mr. Smith?" politely inquired the man who had just been introduced.

"The—er—war in—where did you say, Mr. Pester?" returned P. Grout Smith.

"Man alive! Do you mean to tell me that you haven't heard about the terrible war now going on in Europe—a titanic struggle entailing the most appalling loss of life? Why, surely—"

"Well, now that you mention it, I believe I did hear something about it a while ago, but it had entirely slipped my mind of late. You see, some time ago certain young ladies belonging to the best families of our progressive little city gave an amateur minstrel entertainment for the benefit of the public library, and on the following Sunday the pastor of our leading church denounced the performance as ungodly and indecent. Thereupon the relatives and admirers of the girls heaped contumely, and the like, on the head of the clergyman, declaring that their skirts had not been too short for propriety, especially as the exhibition had been given for a worthy cause. All the old maids in town and various members of the church who had no kin or friends among the performers agreed with the pastor.

"The two newspapers very naturally took sides and began to belch forth fire, smoke, and lava at each other. The young gents of the Y. M. C. A. pulled noses over it like statesmen of ye olden time, and the next day after the Sewing Circle had discussed the matter enough hair was found on the floor of the room where they had convened to stuff a sofa pillow. There have been two horsewhippings pulled off already and five marriages postponed on account of it, and as far as I can see the end is not yet. So, while the war in—er—Europe is to be deplored, and all that, I don't believe it keeps its participants much busier than we have been, of late."



A MODERN APPEAL

"Honest, Mister, I ain't seen a 'Movie' in three days!"

THE FAINT HEART OF MR. DORSEY

(\$100.00 PRIZE STORY)

By GEORGE WALLACE BUNN

Illustrations by W. E. HILL



He had few friends

Archibald Dorsey sat up in his seat, and his heart almost stopped beating. For into his vision, without any warning whatsoever, had stepped the one girl in all the world—the girl he had dreamed of, waited for, and had almost despaired of finding.

Numbly, like one in a trance, he continued to stare at her. She wore a gingham dress of rustic simplicity. An enormous sunbonnet framed her dark, luxurious mass of hair. Her eyes were big, dark, and unafraid; her nose had the faintest suggestion of a roguish tilt; her lips were full and smiling. Her gingham blouse was opened at the throat, revealing a neck of soft curves, and firm, delicate contours.

Down the path she came with free boyish strides, a milk pail swinging from her arm. She stopped, and smiled straight into the eyes of Archibald Dorsey. And then, with a suddenness almost uncanny, she was gone; and in her place the legend: "Two Years Later. The Young Millionaire From the City Again Asks for Lodgings at Squire Plunkett's."

Archibald Dorsey sank back into his seat, faint and trembling. The tin-panny piano down in front gave forth the ballad of the day, loud pedal. The air of the little theatre was hot and stuffy to the verge of suffocation. Yet Mr. Dorsey stayed on—on through the three remaining reels of "The Squire's Daughter;" on through all the other hateful, never-ending reels until "The Squire's Daughter" again made her appearance; on and on and on until the camera flashed the cryptic hint: "Good Night. Big Feature Tomorrow: 'The Gunman's Revenge.'"

He had never dreamed that it would come like this, had Archibald Dorsey. Girls, apparently, had never attracted him much; he was shy almost to desperation in their presence. He had very few friends. To his associates in the Eureka Gravel Roofing Concern, where he was employed as assistant bookkeeper, he was a nice enough young fellow when you got to know him—awfully quiet, though; and say, a reg'lar gink with th' ladies!

And yet he had always felt that some day he would meet her. Some day he would confront her face to face. And now she had come!

By studying the advertisements in the newspapers every morning, Archibald Dorsey followed "The Squire's Daughter" in her pilgrimage throughout the various theatres of Fallfield. Every evening found him in a seat well down toward the front, until one night she walked out of his sight on the arm of the "young millionaire from the city," and he knew that her sojourn in Fallfield was over.

He had, however, acquired two valuable pieces of information—her name on the pink and green lithographs was Maybelle Millar, and she played for the Kinematograph Kompany of the

Puck will pay \$100 (cash on acceptance) each month for the wittiest, funniest, most side-splitting contribution it receives.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

- (1) Contributions must be original; should be, in the case of prose, between five hundred and twelve hundred words, and, in the case of verse, not in excess of seventy-five lines.
- (2) Prize contributions should be clearly marked "Prize Contest" and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.
- (3) No manuscript submitted by any member of the Puck staff is eligible for the prize.
- (4) Every manuscript except the winner of the prize will be promptly returned.

Universe. In the *Movie Lovers' Weekly* he learned that the Kinematograph Kompany's main offices and studio were in New York.

One week later the Eureka Gravel Roofing Concern was without the services of a quiet, unassuming and conscientious bookkeeper. One week two days later Mr. Archibald Dorsey, knees shaking and heart fluttering, stood before a dark-browed, unshaven individual in the main office of the Kinematograph Kompany of the Universe.

"Maybelle Millar, eh?" questioned the dark-browed individual savagely. "Wot's yer business?"

"It's—er—important," stammered Mr. Dorsey, "and—er—confidential."

The dark-browed individual turned and shouted into the inner office: "Say, Mike, wot's May's address?"



"A gent to see you, May"

"Pueblo, Arizona. Doin' desert stuff," came back the voice of Mike.

Mr. Dorsey winced, but he had not drawn four hundred dollars out of the Fallfield National Bank for nothing.

He bought a ticket for Pueblo. At Pueblo, six days later, Ike Levine, western director of the Kinematograph, rubbed a sympathetic chin and spoke as follows:

"Well, now, that's too bad, young feller, too blamed bad! Maybelle left on short notice fer th' Yellowstone not five days ago. You kin find her at Old Faithful Inn, sure. Wanted to see her on business, didja say?"

"Rather important," stammered Mr. Dorsey, "and—er—confidential. What's the—the best way to get to the Yellowstone?"

The night clerk at the Old Faithful Inn shielded a yawn with a slim bejewelled hand and looked bored.

"Miss Maybelle Millar, of the Kinematograph? Not here. The whole shootin'-match left last night for New York."

Mr. Dorsey swallowed twice.

"Can you tell me," he inquired faintly, "when the next train leaves for the East?"

Five days later Archibald Dorsey, pale and haggard-eyed, stood once more before the dark-browed, unshaven individual in the main office of the Kinematograph Kompany of the Universe.

"Maybelle Millar, eh?" questioned the unshaven one savagely. "Wot's yer business with her?"

"It's—er—important," stammered Mr. Dorsey, "and—er—confidential."

The unshaven one turned and shouted into the inner office: "Say, Mike, where's May?"

"Out in the studio. Back in ten minutes," came the voice of Mike.

"You can set down," growled the unshaven one, "if you wanta wait."

Ten minutes—fifteen—twenty—twenty-five—

And then she came.

She wore a Salamander suit of latest design. An enormous hat of shellaced straw sat on her dark luxurious mass of hair. Her eyes were big, dark and unafraid; her nose had the faintest suggestion of a roguish tilt; her lips were full and smiling. Her silken blouse was opened at the throat, revealing a neck of soft curves and firm delicate contours. She walked with the free even strides of a boy.

"What's up, Cliff?"

"A gent to see you, May. There he is settin'—why, he was here a minute ago!"

(Continued on page 21)



THE WASP

Painted for PUCK by
W. H. BARRIBAL of London

THE TALENTED FEW

It is a mistake to try to mould the style of a natural kicker, as kickers are born, not made, but a few suggestions may be in a small degree helpful.

—Football expert of the Boston Journal.

Few suggestions is correct, brother; and the fewer the helpfuller. As you succinctly and sagaciously remark, a kicker is not of mundane manufacture; he draws the inspiration for kicking with his first lusty cry of birth. You may cheer the kicker, you may study him, you may describe him; but you cannot improve him. He was created to kick. Others worry the pigskin; tease it; juggle it; tamper with its possibilities; but your born kicker merely boots it.



Aye, he boots it, and it sails heavenward. He seems to take no pains whatever. He is a careless genius, for he knows there is an intimate and subtle affinity between the hides of cow and pig.

Such an inspired kicker was Humperdinkle, '93. Following him, and with some of the graces of the master, were Smoggins, '95, and Snabb, dearly beloved of memory, who flattered our great universities by playing for or against them in the memorable year, 1902.

There was your natural kicker—that man Snabb! Can you forget with what ample confidence, fearlessness, and coolness he used to swing his right set of fives against that ovate? And how it soared! The stands went wild. He could kick you as gently as the twittering sparrow, or as batteringly as the ham-toed ostrich. The ladies used to cry: "Let him kick again! Let him kick again!" That is, the ladies of Snabb's persuasion. The others were silent. They covered in their seats. For they realized what it meant when Snabb kicked.

Well, Snabb no longer boots the ball. Nor does Humperdinkle, nor does Smoggins. Snabb is a salesman. Humperdinkle is a member of the Exchange. Smoggins is a commuter. They no longer kick the pigskin. But they find plenty of other fields for their talent.

ROYAL MARRIAGES

Peering into the future, some of us are worried. There is trouble aplenty in the present, but the future holds a problem so difficult of solution, yet so grimly fascinating, that those unfortunate enough to have thought of it can't dismiss it from their minds.

When this war is over, what is going to happen to royal matrimony? For years, for decades, the reigning families of Europe have been drawing into closer relationship. It has been an interlocking directorate on a regal and splendid scale. Kings are cousins, nephews or great-uncles by marriage to other kings, princes or grand-dukes. Queens have had to learn six languages in order to talk with their own grandchildren. Every now and then some obscure ruler, usually Balkan, gets into the newspapers and is a puzzle to everybody until someone says: "Oh, yes; he's a Cousin German to the Czar; don't you remember?" or, "He's a foster brother-in-law of the Kaiser's," and then all is clear again. It has been impossible for kings to meet without kissing. And every royal wedding, or funeral, has been an affectionate family re-union.

So much for the past; and in view of the sweeping character of the present war, it is one of the pastest pasts on record. But consider the future. When the war is over, and the cannon cease from troubling, where are princes to find suitable wives? And whence are to come the correct thing in husbands for the princesses? No more German matrimony for England; that goes without saying. No more English matrimony for Potsdam and Co. Nothing doing in Russia; Petrograd, late St. Petersburg, suggests that. Austria hasn't a friend in Europe, except Germany, and may have to go to Asia hereafter for brides and bridegrooms. The Queen of Holland has only one child, and while Spain's crop of young royalty is all that could be desired, it can't supply all of Europe.

If the details of selection were left to the young people themselves, royalty would have no more trouble than common folk; but where royal fathers and imperial advisors have the say, matrimony which was difficult enough of arrangement before the war, will become inconceivably more difficult when the war is concluded and royal fathers "do not speak." Even the desperate expedient of marrying for love is among the possibilities.

HIS OCCUPATION GOING

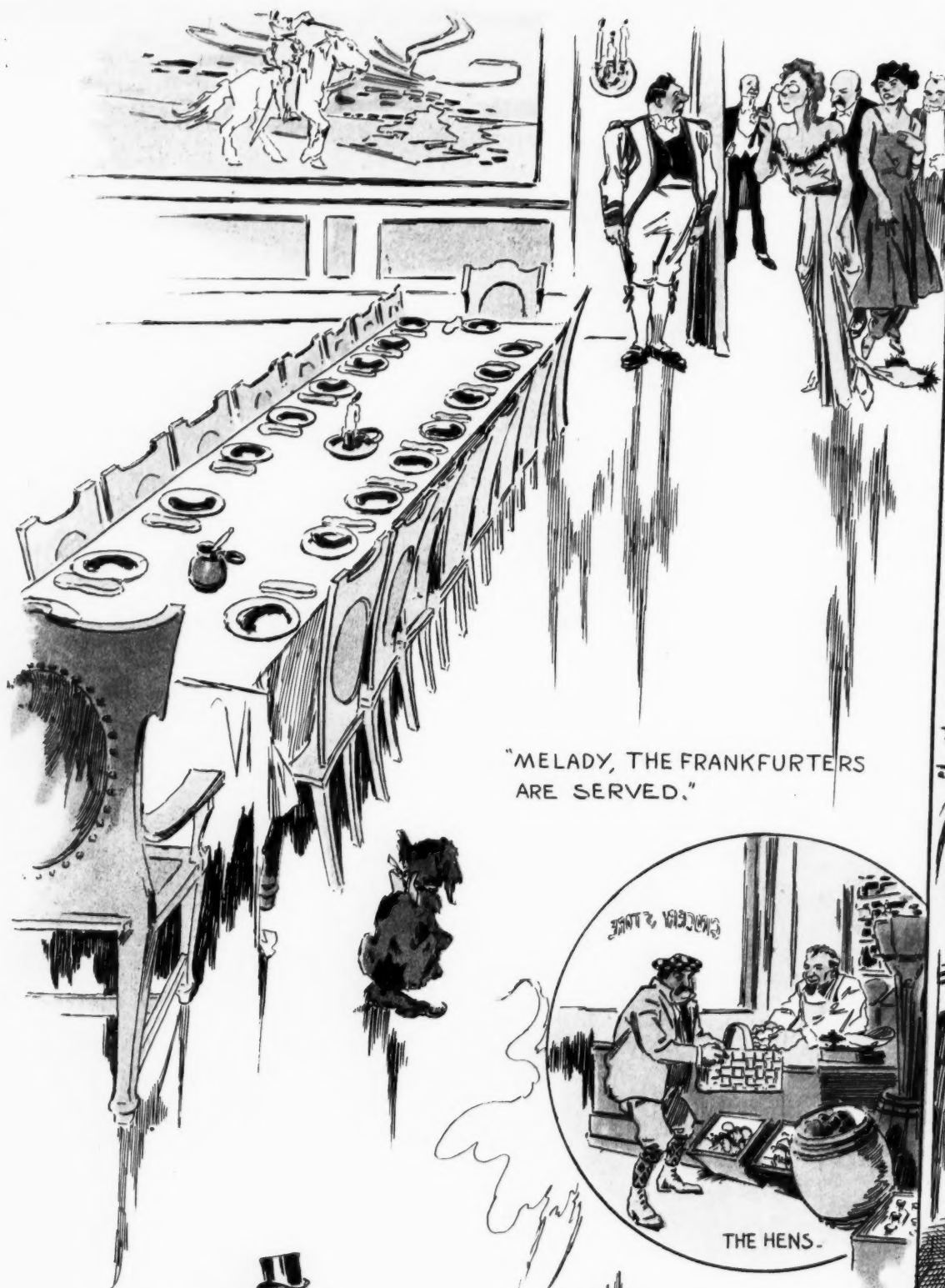
MOVIE ORCHESTRA DRUMMER (*gloomily*):
I see my finish!

HEAD VIOLINIST: Cheer up!

DRUMMER: Nix! Edison's made the movies talk; you can hear their guns shoot and the horses' hoofs clatter! Next thing, he'll reproduce the whole orchestra.



Making a Man of Him



HIS NEW INDUSTRY
 "YOU SEE, OLD TOP, WE
 HAVE TOO MANY HENS
 ON THE FARM, SO I
 MIGHT AS WELL LET
 YOU HAVE A FEW
 DOZEN EGGS EVERY
 WEEK AT FIFTY CENTS.
 SURE THE WIFE 'LL
 BE PLEASED."



NOBODY HOME?

WALL STREET AND THE N



NOBODY HOME?

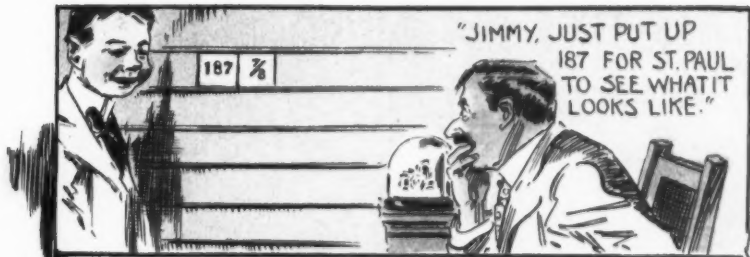
AND THE NOUVEAU POOR



BEFORE THE WAR



AND NOW.

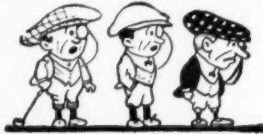


"JIMMY, JUST PUT UP
187 FOR ST. PAUL
TO SEE WHAT IT
LOOKS LIKE."



LUNCHEON

HY-
Mayer



PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

By P. A. VAILE

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN This mystery has nothing to do with the rotating spine or any of the weird and fearful things evolved by imaginative writers out of their inner unconsciousness. It has cropped up in the work of a very unimaginative person, one Edward Ray, to wit, who is not entirely unknown to fame.

In Ray's book on golf, or, shall we again say, in the book which is ascribed to him, there are more good things and sound golf, by long odds, than one generally gets in the ridiculous books published under the aegis of the last man to win a championship.

Ray has much to say that is of value about putting. Here is something worth noting: "Many fine putters—Jack White is a notable example—like to putt with as much 'drag' or back-spin as they can manage. The ball starts off from the face of their club as if it were skimming along the ground, sliding rather than rolling. And no doubt this style has its advantages. But, for my own part, I prefer at all times to see the ball rolling along the ground from the instant that it leaves the club face."

Ray, however, goes on to say: "I admit that on hard, bare, true greens, such as are to be found at St. Andrews and North Berwick, there is much to be said in favor of the contrary method, and I have no quarrel with anyone who thinks differently from myself. But I am writing for inland golfers, and I would urge them either to make themselves master of both methods, or to adopt a simple natural style of stroke without any attempt at artificial spin, for by so doing they will obtain the rolling ball which I conceive to be best suited to city greens." And which I conceive to be best suited to city, suburban, seaside, clay, or any other old green.

Ray is certainly here putting before us something in the shape of the mystery of the green. Did anyone ever know anyone who was "master" of one style of putting? Ray wants us to become "master" of two styles. Perish the thought. Let us try to cultivate the one and

only style of rolling them up to the hole—and a foot beyond.

Ray clearly shows, however, as he goes on, that he is quite in favor of the rolling ball, and therefore opposed on general principles to putting with drag or cut of any kind.

Later on he says: "For, to begin with, a rolling ball is not nearly so much affected by the nature of the surface over which it passes

partly sliding" over the green. The action is drag or roll. They fight each other. The ball must, as Braid calls it, "skate" until the back-cut or drag goes off it, which happens much more quickly than most people think; then, of course, it rolls. These are two motions which absolutely conflict. There is no such thing as a partnership between them, but if the rolled ball "is not nearly so much affected by the nature

of the surface over which it passes as is a ball which is only partly rolling and partly sliding," I leave my readers to guess how heavily the ball which has nothing but backspin on it is affected by the inequalities of the green.

Let us follow Ray still further: "On a rough and bumpy green, also, the advantage is all with the running ball. A putt that is played with more or less backspin is completely at the mercy of the obstacles it encounters on its journey, and is more easily turned off the line or brought to a standstill than the rolling ball, which, however it may be bumped about, does not easily lose the forward spin of its rolling motion; and that forward spin is always tending to take it onward again in its original direction."

And, in the face of this, Ray says of putting with drag: "And, no doubt, this style has its advantages." This is possible, but Ray has not set them forth, and I have still to learn what they are in theory or in practice.

Speaking of Braid, Ray says: "Although he has an occasional off day, I always envy Braid's deliberate taking back of the club. I know that he has schooled himself to do this, and there is no doubt that it is a valuable habit to acquire, for nothing is more calculated to bring about a missed putt than to take the club back as if

against time. The back swing must be deliberate in order to be correct, and the forward motion is thereby helped considerably."

This is matter of the first importance to many who do not know that the place where "Slow back" means most is on the green.

Ray unfortunately goes "wool-gathering" when he says: "The whole difficulty of putting

(Continued on page 19)



A HOPELESS NOVICE

THE MAN: Dear me, yes! Golf is my favorite game. Do you play?

THE MAID: I? Goodness, no! Why, I wouldn't even know how to hold the caddy.

as is a ball which is only partly rolling and partly sliding."

I have often made this point, but not quite in these words. They are very graphic and informing, albeit in part quite incorrect—but the incorrect part does not detract from the meritorious portion; indeed, it, if anything, adds weight to the warning given.

No dragged putt goes "partly rolling and

THE THORN

No other eyes that e'er met mine
Have had that deep yet simple lure—
Eyes maddening as age-old wine
And yet so clear and pure.

No other lips I e'er did press
Were moistened so with honey-dew,
Or parted thus in a caress
As mine sank softly through.

No other breast e'er pillowed me
With such a throbbing, rhythmic swell,
As if, within, a restless sea
Of yearning rose and fell.

No other arms about me thrown
So heavy on my shoulders bore,
As though a life that stood alone
Could stand alone no more.

No other heart I ever met
So evidently for me burned.
With all my soul I love her, yet—
I wonder where she learned.



STOPPING THE GAP

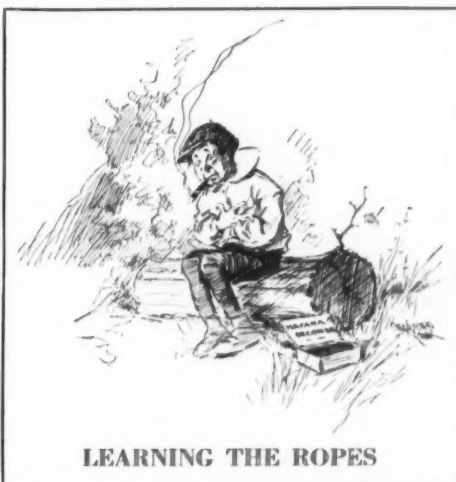
President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard, foresees that there will be some big gaps in Education, owing to the European War. The German, French, and English students, and many of the professors, are at the front. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but, just the same, you wouldn't want to be in the vicinity of the Belgian-French border armed with nothing but a Waterman. This means that Education, in another year, will literally have been shot full of holes. So the Harvard President calls upon American college men to stop those gaps.

Can we do it? Let's see. We can't very well do much till the big game is played between Harvard and Yale. That comes on the Saturday before Thanksgiving. About that time we should be willing to look into the matter—except that it will be time then to get the basketball and ice-hockey teams in condition. Not that we haven't a lot of sympathy for the awful mess that Education finds itself in, but charity properly starts at home.

After hockey, and indoor tennis and lacrosse, there are the baseball squads and the rowing eights to figure on, and so we shall be pretty busy till the summer vacation. There ought to be a little opportunity, after the colleges close, to respond to Mr. Lowell's request. The trouble is that most of the young fellows—splendid young men, too—who don't have to work to get money enough to return in the fall, either play ball with the summer-resort teams, or have

social obligations that will prevent them from helping out Heidelberg, Jena, Bonn, Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge.

There is one hope. Every year there are a number of the physically unfit, among college men, who get together and have a joint debate. You never learn the results, because all these fellows get is a two-line item, foot of the column, in one or two newspapers that can find the space. These chaps are usually known as "grinds." If Education can get any assistance from such as they, very well.



LEARNING THE ROPES

PLUCKED FROM THE DEEP

They had been seen together a good deal on deck, but nothing was known for sure. Then came the crash. She was in the churning waves, clutching desperately at a floating whisk, when he managed to swim to her. For nine hours (*his Ostermoor watch never lost a second through it all—adv.*) he battled to save her life. At length, all but exhausted and soaking wet, he laid her unconscious form on the sands of a desert island. Finally she opened her eyes.

He was the first to speak.

"What a romantic situation this would be," he said a trifle bitterly, "if you were not my wife!"

NEVER TOUCHED IT

FIRST REFUGEE: Alas, my friend! Such bloodshed, such horrors, such desecrations! But you, too, have seen your noblest churches shelled and destroyed!

THE OTHER REFUGEE: No; our cathedral wasn't damaged. They mistook it for a brewery.

HOW IT HAPPENED

"Drat it!" exclaimed Noah, as he fastened down the last hatch, and the rain began to drum heavily on the roof of the ark, "I knew I'd forget something!"

"What have you left, father?" asked Ham.

"Blame it all!" exclaimed the patriarch, "I've forgotten the missing link!"

THE DIFFERENCE

The lights gleam low, the fiddles wail,
The villain shrieketh "Dammer!"
She hides her huddled head in her arms—
Correct! It's mellerdrummer.

The lights gleam low, the fiddles wail,
The villain laughs blase;
She hides her huddled head in her arms—
Correct! It's a problem play.

The lights gleam low, the fiddles wail,
The slap-stick whistles shrill;
She hides her huddled head in her arms—
Correct! It's vaudeville.



WHAT NINETY MILLION WANT

There is a queer sort of fellow in Salem, Massachusetts, named John J. Mack. The Citizens' League induced him to become a candidate for mayor, but after thinking it all over he withdrew his name, giving as the reason his belief that he was "temperamentally unfitted for the position," and adding that he disliked politics. It is said that the decision "came as a shock to the Citizens' League."

No wonder the League was shocked. To

hear a man talk like that would shock anybody. History records the names of mighty few men who perceived that they were unfit, temperamentally, for any office they could get.

ON SECOND THOUGHT

THE SIMP: Didn't I meet you at Atlantic City last summer?
THE GIRL: Ask my brother here.
THE SIMP: Er—no, I don't think I did.

Of course Mr. John J. Mack may know his own business best. He will surely save himself a lot of trouble by adhering to his position. But if the good people of Salem know a real article when they see it, they will arise as one man and whoop this odd character into office just as quick as they can. They will beg on bended knees the boon of this man's condescension. They will lasso him with tender entreaty, and the children will strew flowers in his path.

About ninety million people in this country, down deep in their hearts, are searching for public officials who are temperamentally unfitted for office *because* of their dislike of politics. They have been long victimized by eager, enthusiastic gentlemen who dote on the "political game," and crave nothing except to make it their life work. All the Lorimers, Penroses, Flynns, Sullivans, Forakers, and Cannons took to politics like steers to corn. They regarded themselves as temperamentally fitted for any good thing that looked like easy and ready money. At the present time what is wanted is a body of legislators and officials who don't need office, don't want office, don't know anything about it, can't make speeches, despise publicity, and are otherwise gifted with complete political disability.

At the present time there is only one such man on the horizon. His name is Mack.

DEZAYAGRAPHS



G. K. CHESTERTON

Drawn at a personal interview by the famous Caricaturist, Mr. M. DE ZAYAS especially for PUCK

CRACKED

DETECTIVE: I caught this guy picking pockets in Wall Street!

DESK SERGEANT: Nutty, eh? Well, lock him up with that boob Riley caught looking for gold nuggets in ash cans!

THE SAME BRAND

FATHER: This is going to hurt me more than you, Francis!

SON: Now, pop, don't try and talk like the Kaiser shelling a city!

THE GAME

FIRST AVIATOR: To-day I bagged two churches and a hospital.

SECOND AVIATOR: You're not in it! I got seven nuns and a kindergarten.

"The Phantom Rival"

a forgotten English worthy (Sir George Cornwall Lewis), and if he had lived

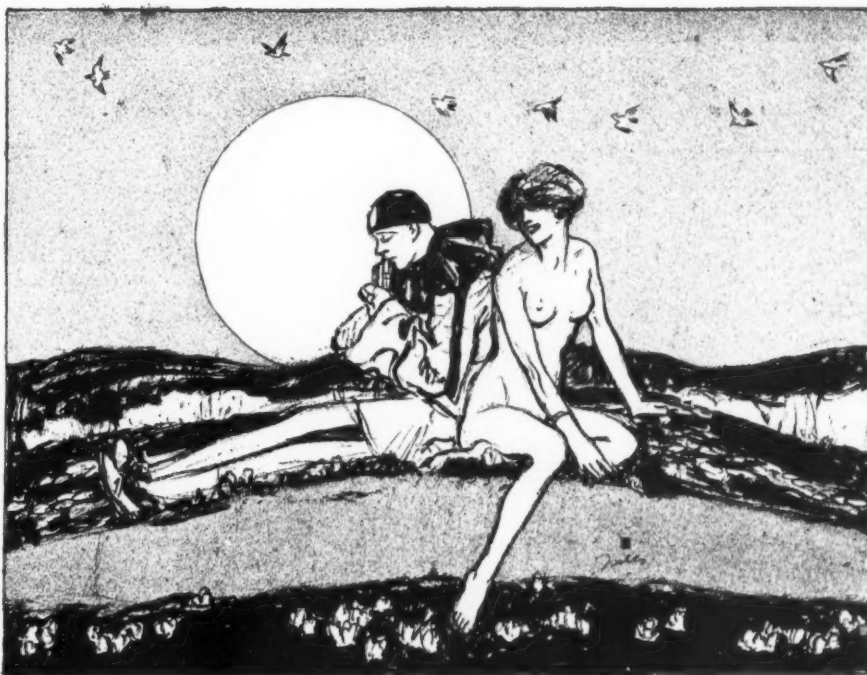


fifty years later, and in Manhattan, he would have realized to the full the truth of his epigram. But there are amusements and amusements. Musical comedy pleases one man, to another it is as poison. I prefer rich, red melodrama to comic opera; but, then, I'm out of the mode. There is more genuine "art"—poor over-worked word—in "The Phantom Rival" than in a score of plays now on the boards. By Francis Molnar, a witty, ingenious, and brilliant Hungarian, this latest Belasco success promises to fill the Belasco Theatre for the balance of the season. The "American Version" (not English, mind you) is by Leo Ditrichstein, who is also the protagonist of the fantastic comedy. This is the first time Mr. Ditrichstein is "starred," hardly necessary in his case (apart from all consideration of billboard notoriety or increased stipendium), for whatever play he has appeared in hitherto he was usually the centre of attraction. Thanks, not only to his natural endowments as a versatile comedian, he has had the inestimable advantage of sound training in the German theatre. I can't be certain, but I think that practically his first hit in English was in "Trilby." The moment that Zuave-capped head appeared it was felt by the audience that here was someone, a personality. I missed his doings for the past few years, but I recall his admirable impersonation of the piano-virtuoso in "The Concert"; also a Belasco production. Mr. Ditrichstein knows Vienna and its mercurial, glittering artistic life. He is happiest when portraying what we call exotic types. That he is versatile as no actor on our stage has been since the death of Richard Mansfield—I mean the Mansfield of "Prince Karl," and "The Cream Chocolate Soldier," when that comedian was not only in his prime but also in his proper medium—is incontrovertible. If you doubt it, witness his assumption of five roles in "The Phantom Rival."



A Dream Play

Contrary to common belief, most dreams are not "dreamy," but sharply defined states. In our waking moments we invest our dreams with mystery, when they are often matter of fact, and too real, as any stout person will testify who has dreamed of being unclothed in a crowded place. What agony because of the verisimilitude! All great masters of literary illusion have made their visions clear cut and detailed. Consider Dante. Or Shakespeare. Or, in our own days, the tremendously real visions of St. Anthony, as set forth by Gustave Flaubert. Molnar has wisely followed these good examples. His dream play is in the dream part as vivid as in the waking. The anecdote, for it is little more, is developed into a day dream that fills out the second act, yet never for a moment do we feel in dreamland. What might easily degenerate into an extravaganza is kept from thus veering by the technical skill of the playwright. One concession to burlesque and the whole fabric of make-belief would be shattered. The acting, too, strengthens the illusion. Only the most delicate underlining of irony is permissible, and in this respect the actors of Mr. Belasco were perfect. Dream plays are nothing new in drama; there has been a plethora of them during the past few years. It is the cleverness of Molnar that has added a novel variation to a well-worn theme. His heroine in the adaptation—is a nice Brooklyn girl, who has had, as all girls have, a slight flirtation, and, in her case, with a young Russian. This youth writes her a farewell letter—he is summoned home by the Japanese war—in which he tells her that he will return to claim her hand, either famous or a tramp. Not an uncommon style in the love-missive of a hot-headed young man. Like some Slavs he plays, sings, talks poetry, and is hopelessly mediocre. The girl saves the letters. It is her one bit of romance, the scarlet thread in her many drab memories. Many women continue to burn a tiny votive lamp in the shrine of their heart before the image of an ideal—burn it till old age doth threaten, and even later. Louise is one of them. She is married



THE SEVEN ARTS

BY JAMES HUNEKER

personalities seem as real as life (theatrical, of course). There's where the humor comes in. Either you are completely convinced or else you had better leave after Act I. But you are convinced, and it is not altogether a welcome awakening when Act III opens. You prefer the vision. As in nearly all dreams where a chain of events keep the sleeper's brain active, there is a crescendo at the close, the dream becomes more disagreeable, heavier and sharper in definition. Molnar has not missed this bit of dream-psychology, which would be approved by Professor Freud. The tramp is the last link, and you feel that even the enraptured woman must soon come to her senses. She does, and in the last scene the moral, a mild one, is mildly exhibited. A conventional husband in the hand—when he makes money—is worth a romantic bandit out on the heather under the few large stars. That's all. But if there is a faint hint of cynical resignation, you also feel that the dreamer will never quite forget her maidenly dreams.



The Acting

Here is where the fine Italian hand of David Belasco is manifest. The three settings are adequate—a work of sufficient breadth to cover all demands of the adjective-mill. The interior—Mrs. Marshall's living room—is precisely what it should be, from the eighteenth century French decorative panel over the fireplace to the engraving on the wall—surely after Claude Lorraine. The front drop of the street is solidity itself. Enfin, Belasco, toujours, Belasco! Laura Hope Crews couldn't be bettered as the wife. I watched and wondered. I have seen her in many roles, even in Ibsen, but in the part of herself she is still more wonderful; *inter alia*: she is younger than she was a dozen years ago. I don't mean "seems younger," but really younger, and she plays with twelve times the skill she once had. Practice makes perfect, and her tact renders the dangerous doings in her dream credible. You absolutely sympathized with her regrets and ecstasies. She is comely. She speaks her lines naturally. She displays a positive talent for the nuance. Leo Ditrichstein plays with equal authority the agent of the Embassy, the soldier, diplomat, tenor, and tramp. As Pagliccio, singer—with a Caruso phonograph record to aid the illusion—his gestures and dialect are appropriate. His Italian is not as suave as his French; it suggests Trieste rather than Naples. But the mimicry is all in the proper key, no wanton exaggeration spoils the effect. As a connoisseur of cognac his expression was absolutely eloquent. No one that I now recall in the English-speaking theatre can rival this artist—who has his limitations, and absolutely knows them. Malcolm Williams is capital as the husband, and the cast is competent.

"The Hawk"

"The Hawk" is glorified melodrama; nevertheless, melodrama. This is the statement of a truth, not with any "highbrow" implications. I like melodrama at times, and when it is written by such an accomplished dramatist as Francis de Croisset, and played as it is at the Schubert Theatre by such a company, headed by Mr. Faversham and M'le Gabrielle Dorziat, then the pleasure is more than doubled. "The Hawk"



(Continued on page 20)

to a successful lawyer, but an unromantic man. You can't make "big money" in America if you moon about girls, and slop over with facile sentiment. That is this husband's belief. Unfortunately, he is jealous; and becoming slightly neurotic because of overwork he makes himself a nuisance, not only to his wife, but to the public. The scene opens in a restaurant, perfectly staged by Mr. Belasco. The episode of husband and wife at odds is not very attractive, especially as it modulates into the opening of the next act. However, the real business of the piece soon begins, which is the dream of the harassed wife, who lives a new life, her early dream incarnated in the successive avatars of her Russian admirer, as a brilliant soldier, diplomatist, tenor, and, at the end, a successful social outcast. The nonsense, braggadocio, grandiloquence, and desperate misery set forth in the presentation of these separate





THIS WAY OUT

"Isn't he clever? Father taught him to do that at eleven o'clock whenever I have company"

The theater of war is one theater, at least, where everything isn't run to please the tired business man.



UNNATURAL HISTORY

The Laughing Hyena Out Stalking Its Prey

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE

In the ancient days, when gods and goddesses still walked the earth, an earnest-minded young man set out to discover what love was. The first one he met was a school girl.

"What is love?" he asked her.

"Fun," she giggled, and left him, looking backward with much foolish laughter. Her elder sister, a maiden of seventeen, came forth and chided the girl for her uncouthness, then approached the stranger to apologize for her conduct. "What is love?" he interrupted her.

Now, the young man was of a goodly countenance, and his abruptness was not displeasing. "Heaven," she blushed.

"Nonsense!" snarled a spinster near by.

The maiden's mother drew her daughter to her and eyed the young man with interest. "Love is affection," she spake, softly.

Then the grandam approached, and the young man put his question.

"Friendship," she smiled.

Thereat the young seeker left them. It chanced that Cupid had that morning come earthward on an errand, and the young man, spying him afar off, hastened thither and propounded his question.

"The very fellow!" exclaimed Cupid. Swiftly fitting an arrow to his bow, he shot the young man through the heart and vanished.

Never judge a man by his clothes. The handsomest uniforms are always found farthest from the firing line.



UNNATURAL HISTORY

Mexican Jumping Bean Defending Its Young

ART IN OUR TOWN



A PRIVATE VIEW



A PUBLIC EXHIBITION

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 14)

is a psychological question, and I am not the question to explain it." In this he falls into line with the nonsense put forward by Braid, Taylor, and Vardon about putting, which, fortunately, Braid, in "Advanced Golf," denies. There he eats his words as published in "How to Play Golf," and admits, as I insisted in "Modern Golf" and have continued to do since, that the whole difficulty of putting, or at least nine-tenths of it, is not psychological, or any other logical, except mechanical.

Therefore, let all bad putters take heart of grace, and, forgetting all about mysteries and psychology, get to work with hope, confidence, and the simplest methods. If he does this I can promise the worst player, provided he be fitted with a putter, marked improvement in a quarter less than no time.

In the meantime let me give all such two hints. If your direction is bad, address your ball so that it is more forward of your left heel than is usual.

Notice carefully that the back of your left hand is towards the hole. Many players turn the left wrist over a good deal in the grip for the drive. Not a few retain this grip for putting. It is very doubtful if the best results can thus be obtained. It tends to produce either a sliced putt or a putt pushed out to the right of the hole, and, in any case, this grip quite prevents both wrists working together as they should.

USUALLY

VISITOR: Who's that old gentleman just going out?

CITIZEN: That's old Jones. He hasn't been to church for thirty years.

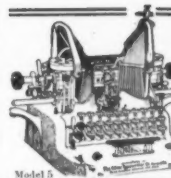
VISITOR: Who's that sad-looking young lady with him?

CITIZEN: That's his daughter. She's all broken up. Jones made her bust her engagement because her fellow wasn't of the same religion as Jones.

THE SILVER LINING

"Yes; the car, a 1912 Pumpernickel, was wrecked, and Jonsey, poor boy, was killed."

"Well, it might have been worse. It might have been a 1914 Pumpernickel!"



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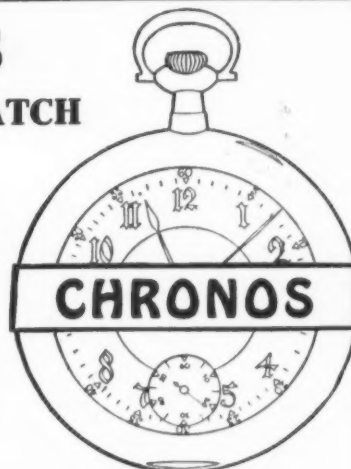
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THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

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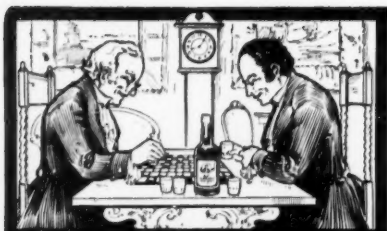
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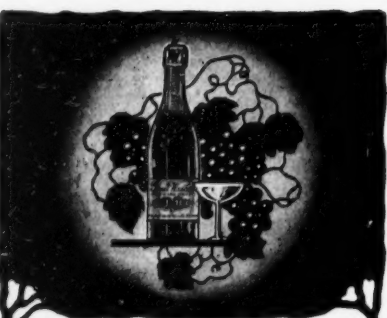
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is lacking in the spontaneity and naturalness of that delightful comedy, "The Marriage of Kitty," yet it is a genuine "thriller," and has the distinction of an absorbing last act. Final acts that don't peter out are rare. Even the wizard of Marly, Sardou, even Ibsen, often "fell down" in their fourth or fifth acts. By a series of ingeniously contrived happenings, obviously artificial as they are, de Croisset keeps alive the suspense, and the curtain falls on a perfectly respectable finale. The story is not complicated, neither is it too fresh. The aristocrat, driven to card-sharpping to provide luxuries for his wife, is a familiar stage figure, though, as a rule, it is a mistress, not a wife, who is the mainspring of his motives. But the desperate gambler is always the same. He takes terrific chances in the very teeth (ah, these dental smiles!) of his wife's warnings. I did not see the play ("L'Epervier," in the original, translated by Marie Zane Taylor) at the Ambigu, Paris, where Mlle. Dorziat originated the part of Countess Marina De Dasetta, but I suspect that the original has suffered a slight sea change in the voyage across. The Countess seems to have been "purified," and the love for her of De Tierrache is presented to us as disinterested. There are several other points that suggest a moral readjustment. However, I may be mistaken. The Countess, is loved, as I said, for her own sweet self, but it is a love that is built on the shiftest foundation, for when young Rene discovers that she is a confederate in the nefarious card operations (this is an Anthony Comstock phrase) of her husband, his indignation transgresses good taste. To be sure, he has lost 80,000 francs in a coup earlier in the story, yet a wealthy French aristocrat shouldn't betray such unseemly wrath, nor should he raise his voice to the lady he loves. Here the yellow melodramatic streak is revealed. The roguish pair—the woman declares that she is the victim of her husband, but we have our doubts—are unmasked, and the wife elects to desert her husband for Rene. How to secure a divorce is the pivot of the last act's machinery. Act I gets into motion rather heavily; Act II contains the scene *a faire*, and forcible it is. The lover—an innocent one, of course—and the husband engage in a struggle, unnecessary to the action of the play, and for a moment bloody murder hovers in the air. Luckily, the swindler vamooses. Now comes the crux of the situation, and let me state, in passing, that I don't believe in theatrical "reformations." De Dasetta, the Hungarian nobleman and "The Hawk," is so madly in love with his own wife that he is heading for hell when the play begins, and is almost ruined by her desertion, takes to drugs. It is an effective character for a trained actor, and Mr. Faversham doesn't miss a note of its melodramatic music. As the drawing-room Raffles (cards, not "burgling") he swaggers appropriately, cross-examines his wife with consummate self-possession, and gives evidence of deep feeling because of her defection. He is not to be criticised for his bearing and make-up in the last scene; the exigencies of the artificial climax demand that he shall enter haggard from "dope" and despair, weak from starvation and exposure. Truly a "sympathetic" lay figure, and the end is guessed the instant his wife sees him. To him is her duty. She throws over the factitious passion she had felt for the young aristocrat, Rene De Tierrache, and, with her miserable man, off she goes to Mexico, there to reform him, and lead a better life. I don't believe it. I see the card-table and its allurements in their future, but that is because I doubt the "conversion" of the husband. He is a thorough rascal. Such hawks die with their boots on, metaphorically speaking, and I admire them all the more for their sincere immoralism.

Mlle Dorziat

Of this lady I had only heard that she was technically adept, and not very beautiful. The first rumor is true—she knows the dramatic fingerboard from the low to the top notes; that is, she knows her capabilities. But to deny her good looks is not fair. She has not only spirituelle, but she has an expressive mask, and her bearing is one of distinction, her assumption of a titled lady temperamental. But, chere demoiselle, why the meagreness? Here is a young woman who, if she would not listen to the insidious advice of modistes (she dresses exquisitely), would be transformed into a picture. Twenty more pounds of flesh and she is a Venus, not a chubby, too-too solid Venus, but a Venus with the added charm of Paris. The mania for a skeleton-like figure among women is become positively pathological. I don't think a demonstration in anatomy is the highest ideal for young creatures. There are several in this play who are so flat as to be sexless. I recall, years ago, describing Cora Urquhart Potter's skeleton as the most beautiful on the boards. The skeletal formation of Mlle Dorziat (I hope she will pardon me!) is harmonious, and, when covered with more tissue, would exhibit subtle curves and fascinating undulations where now are xylophonic outlines and the shrill dissonance of scapular angles. No, a little fat is an excellent thing, and the women who train down to the perilous line of skinniness, not only invite wrinkles and hollow eyes, but physical illness. Mlle Dorziat would be distinctly pretty if she could be persuaded to eat potatoes and drink musty ale (chianti and spaghetti might do as well). Her dramatic climaxes, too, would gain in sustained power. I like her piquant accent, which well suits the part. Conway Tearle, as Rene, really carries off the male honors. He is a polished actor, and he will go far in the future—that is, if he doesn't allow his feminine adorners to turn his head. Frank Losee, as an American *Deus ex machina* is happily cast. "The Hawk" is a success, and worth seeing. The production is unimpeachable, the support excellent.

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MRS. GOLITELY: Mrs. Featherby must be wearing fifty thousand dollars worth of jewelry!
MRS. GAILY: I wonder what her whole costume is worth?
MRS. GOLITELY: Fifty thousand dollars and fifty cents, I suppose!

THE FAINT HEART OF MR. DORSEY

(Continued from page 10)

"You mean th' scared lookin' guy wit' th' gray suit?" chirped up an office boy. "He just beat it. I t'ought he was sick er scmpin."

"Well, of all — Who was it, Cliff?"
"Didn't leave no name, May. Said it was business — confidential. Don't wanna throw no scare into ya, May, but it looked to me like he mighta had bad news."

Three days later Archibald Dorsey sat on a high stool in the office of the Eureka Gravel Roofing Concern, absently tracing meaningless little squares and circles on a blotter. He was wondering if he could ever have gotten up enough nerve to have kissed her.

EVEN THE TOY BANKS DO IT

"James," said Mrs. Firstflat that night at the dinner table, "I want to talk to you about Bobby. He's at his lessons now, so he can't interrupt us."

"Well, what about Bobby?" asked Mr. Firstflat, as he carved the sirloin.

"Why, he does such odd things with the little toy savings-bank I bought him. Why, do you know, he is keeping money in it that belongs to a club!"

"Is he, is he?"

"Yes, I found it out by accident. I overheard him talking with that Jones boy next door. The Jones boy is treasurer of the Boys' Club at the Sunday-school, you know, and he lets our Bobby keep the club money for him in his toy bank. Are you listening?"

"I am. It's getting interesting."
"Well, to-day I heard the Jones boy tell Bobby to loan the Smith boy upstairs a dollar and fifty cents out of his bank. I was just going to inquire what he meant by asking such a thing of Bobby when Bobby spoke up for himself."

"What did he say?"
"Why, Bobby said to the Jones boy: 'Suppose I don't. What then?' And the Jones boy said to Bobby: 'Well, if you don't I'll withdraw all the Boys' Club deposits that you've got in your bank, and, as the treasurer of the club, I'll make darn sure you don't get any more. See?'"

"And what did Bobby say then?"
"Why, would you believe it, James, he went and opened his bank, got out a dollar and a half and gave it to the Jones boy. I didn't understand all they talked about after that, although I listened, but I did catch a reference to a syndicate, or something that Bobby is mixed up in, and I'm sure I heard the Jones boy say that it was a good thing for Bobby that he gave up the dollar and a half. Otherwise he'd

made Bobby pay out the Boys' Club deposits all in a lump, and Bobby couldn't have done it it seems, because he has loaned the club money to other boys in the neighborhood, and he and the Jones boy—who's treasurer of the Boys' Club, you know—divide the interest which the other boys pay between them. Is it just right, do you think? Hadn't you better speak to Bobby to-morrow, James, and get him to tell you about it?"

"There's no use in his telling me," remarked Mr. Firstflat, grimly. "It's got beyond that stage of the game. I'll take him downtown and let him tell it to the Grand Jury."

PROPERLY CRUSHED

"Well," sneered her husband, "suppose you get the ballot. What will be the first thing you do?"

"Order a voting costume, of course!" was her triumphant retort.

GETS HIS

PARK-SEAT LOUNGER: Think it pays to advertise that way, Bo?
SANDWICH-MAN (warmly): Say, do youse think I'm doin' this stunt to git into a rah-rah fraternity?



INNOCENT CHILDHOOD

"Does that man mean to be funny, mother?"

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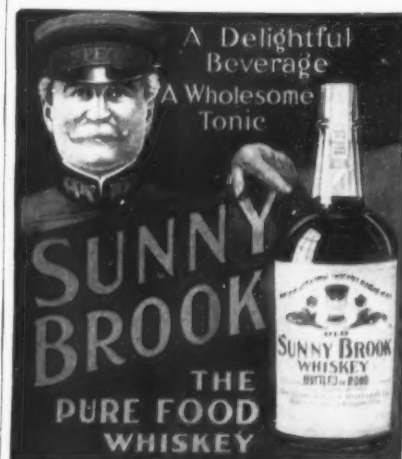
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THE MAN WITHOUT A WEDNESDAY

Demosthenes H. Ketchup seemed in nature and in face
Not only wholly normal but distinctly commonplace;
And yet there was about him something in its way unique—
Demosthenes H. Ketchup had no Wednesday in his week!

He had his weekly Sunday, his Tuesday came when due,
His Monday never failed to wriggle in between the two;
His Thursday and his Friday and his Saturday were there,
But—his total lack of Wednesday almost drove him to despair!

Forgetting his affliction he would often lightly say:
"Come and lunch with me on Wednesday—see the Wednesday
matinee;"

Then he'd go to bed on Tuesday filled with joy and longing vast
And wake up to find that Wednesday was a portion of his past.

"Oh, I simply must have Wednesday! Bring me Wednesday!"
he would groan
(Though his friend Orlando Zowie said: "Leave well enough alone");
But Demosthenes H. Ketchup heeded not and pined away,
He hated his entire week—including Saturday!

But once he bawled "Eureka!" in enthusiastic tone
(While his friend Orlando Zowie said: "Leave well enough alone"),
"I've found a great week-patcher and I'm sure that he'll agree
To take my case in hand and button Wednesday onto me."

(His friend Orlando Zowie said: "Leave well enough alone")
But ere he finished saying "Leave —" Demosthenes had flown
Straight to that great practitioner who took without delay
Demosthenes's measure for a stylish Wed-nes-day.

He made it and he fitted it into the patient's week,
The latter was so grateful that at first he couldn't speak;
But, just as for the twenty-ninth successive time he'd cheered,
His Saturday and Tuesday both abruptly disappeared!

Ye gods! Ye little fishes! Ketchup fainted with a moan
(Had not Orlando Zowie said: "Leave well enough alone"?)
His week went on from bad to worse; the doctors, very soon,
To save his Monday morning amputated Thursday noon.

Poor Ketchup is bed-ridden now—he's sinking more and more
(His week consists of Friday and of Monday after four)
While Zowie chants "I told you so" as by the bed he stands,
Assisted by two very large and very German hands.

Thomas R. Ybarra

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If you will send us the names of five persons interested in the progressive cause.

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MADISON, WIS.



A191 **NOBODY HOME**
By F. Earl Christy
In delightful color, daintily mounted, 14x18

"NOBODY HOME"
You beat your Pate
And fancy Wit will come;
Knock as you please,
There's Nobody at Home.
—Pope 1714

"SOMEBODY HOME"
She nodshes head,
And merry wit doth come;
Call when you will,
There's aye somebody home.
—Apologies to Pope.



A190 **SOMEBODY HOME**
By F. Earl Christy
In delightful color, daintily mounted, 14x18

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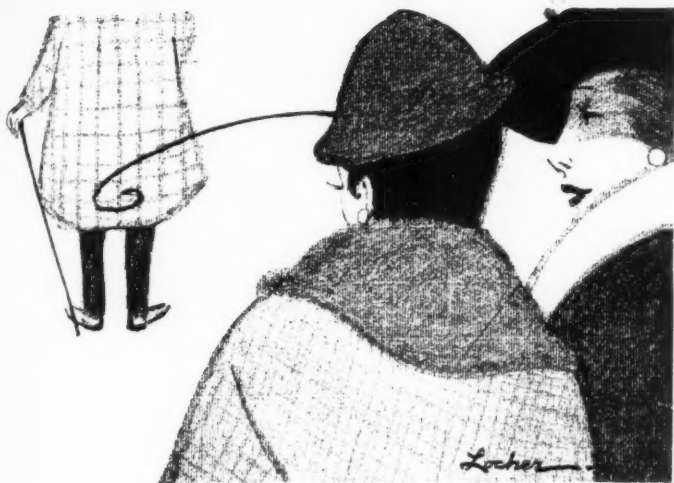


"Football Is a Brutal Game"

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Puck 301 Lafayette Street, New York



LINGUISTICS

"He says that he can understand French."
"Well, he can get along very nicely at a French movie show."

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of, bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"WHEN I WAS A BOY"

Do you happen to know anybody whose chief hobby is the past? Undoubtedly you do. We all do. For the first few hundred times it is a real pleasure to listen to him, to hear of the days when the City Hall was considered uptown, but after a while the repetition becomes wearing. It is a tale that is told. Then the means of escape comes in handy, and may be tried without fear of wounding the most sensitive reminiscent nature.

All local reminiscences are alike in the main. They simply differ as to places and street names. If your time is valuable, and a chronic "oldest inhabitant" starts to tell you about it, simply hand him a pencil, a clipping of the following, and request him to fill in the blanks:

BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS

"Yes, sir; when I was a boy I can recollect when you got as far out as Avenue you thought you were in the open country. In fact, Avenue wasn't cut through at all in those days. Even as far downtown as Street, there used to be a regular jungle of berry and bushes, when I was a boy, and my brother and I used to go out there on Saturdays in the springtime and kill snakes. We used to find 'em under big stones. Out at the corner of what is now Avenue and Street, there used to be a baseball ground where the old used to play. Beyond that it was all farms. We boys took walks out there during the holidays and stole from the farmers. Used to eat 'em raw, too. In the winter, we used to go skating on any one of a whole lot of ponds that used to be out this way. There was the pond, which was just about where the corner of Avenue and Street is now, and there was a still bigger pond, the a little further out; the city drained it and filled it in the time they extended Street out as far as It makes me laugh to hear the people nowadays kicking about the street car service. Why, I can remember the time when the Avenue cars only ran as far as Street, and they were half an hour apart at that. From there, a bobtail car used to run once in a while up to the stables on a single track. Street in those days was nothing but a road, and it was a mighty poor road at that. It ran from over to a distance of about miles. My brother used to go out that way in the fall and shoot and Once he was chased by a gang of toughs that used to live in a squatters' settlement known as 's Hollow. 's Pottery used to be out that way, too; where we boys used to get clay to make marbles of. The old road is mostly all gone. All that's left of it is a short stretch called Place, between Street and Avenue."

If desired, a sheet of writing paper may be handed to the "oldest inhabitant," on which he may jot down any additional remarks, but, in the main, the above blank form will be found to cover all ordinary reminiscent requirements. Try it and be convinced.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"
50c. the case of six glass-stoppered bottles.

LIMIT OF ENDURANCE

Bobby has been left with grandma all day. At evening mamma returns home.

"Has Bobby been a good boy?" she asks.

"Yes," replies Bobby, "but I guess I'm going to crack under the strain."

There are divers ways of reducing, but a one-hundred-and-eighty-pound woman affecting the one-hundred-and-ten-pound manner isn't one of them.

NO FAVORITES

MISTRESS: Bridget, did I see Officer Flynn

eating cold chicken in the kitchen last night?

BRIDGET: You did, mum! And it's not me will heat up a chicken at half-past tin for any cop!

The bonds of matrimony too often default in their interest.

Automobile Eye Insurance needed after Exposure to Sun, Winds and Dust. Murine Eye Remedy freely applied Affords Reliable Relief. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort—Try Murine.



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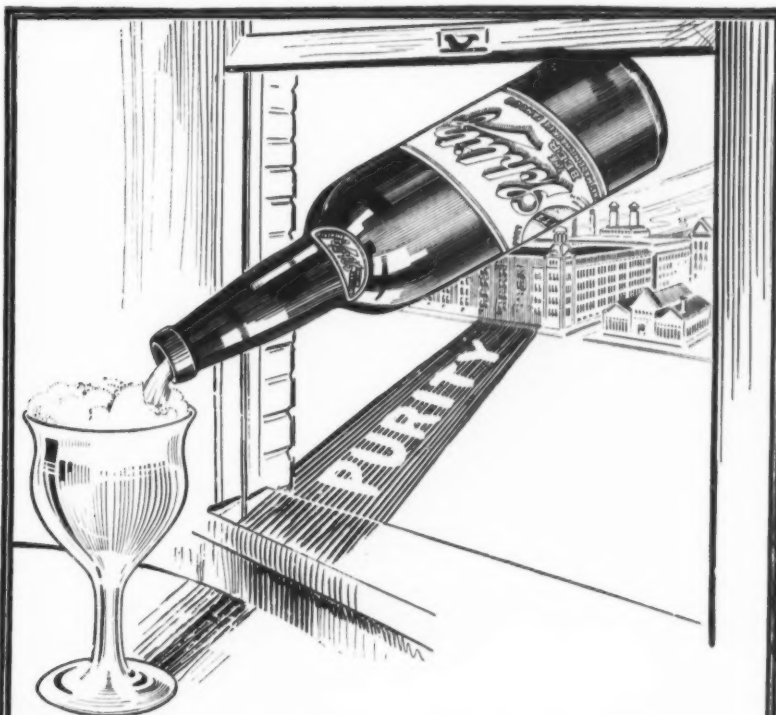
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